Then trip him that his heele mas kick at heauen,
And that his ſoule may be as damnd and blacke
As hell whereto it goes; my mother ſtayes,
This Phyſick but prolongs thy ſickly dayes. *Exit.*
King. My words flie vp, my thoughts remaine below
Words without thoughts neuer to heauen go. *Exit.*

Enter Gertrard and Polonius.

Polo. A will come ſtrait, look you lay home to him,
Tell him his pranks haue bin too broad to beare with,
And that your grace hath ſcreen'd and ſtood betweene
Much heat and him, Ile ſilence me euen heere,
Pray you be round.

Enter Hamlet.

Ger. Ile waite you, feare me not,
Withdraw, I heare him comming.
Ham. Now mother, what's the matter?
Ger. Hamlet, thou haſt thy father much offended.
Ham. Mother you haue my father much offended.
Ger. Come, come, you anſwer with an idle tongue.
Ham. Go go, you queſtion with a wicked tongue.
Ger. Why how now *Hamlet?*
Ham. What's the matter now?
Ger. Haue you forgot me?
Ham. No by Rood not ſo,
You are the Queene, your husbands brothers wife,
And would it were not ſo, you are my mother.
Ger. Nay, then Ile ſet thoſe to you that can ſpeake.
Ham. Come, come, and ſit you downe, you ſhall not boudge,
You go not till I ſet you vp a Glaſſe
Where you may ſee the moſt part of you.
Ger. What wilt thou do, thou wilt not murther me?
Helpe hoe.
Polo. What hoe helpe.
Ham. How now, a Rat, dead for a Duckat, dead.
Pol. O I am ſlaine.
Ger. O me, what haſt thou done?
Ham. Nay I know not, is it the King?

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Ger. O what a raſh and bloudie deed is this.
Ham. A bloudie deed, almoſt as bad good mother
As kill a King, and marrie with his brother.
Ger. As kill a King.
Ham. I Lady it was my word.
Thou wretched, raſh, intruding Foole farwell,
I tooke thee for thy better, take thy fortune,
Thou find'ſt to be too buſie is ſome danger.
Leaue wringing of your hands, peace ſit you downe,
And let me wring your heart, for ſo I ſhall
If it be made of penetrable ſtuffe,
If damned cuſtome haue nor braſd it ſo,
That it be proofe and bulwarke againſt ſence.
Ger. What haue I done, that thou dar'ſt wagge thy tongue
In noiſe ſo rude againſt me?
Ham. Such an act
That blurres the grace and bluſh of modeſtie,
Cals vertue Hypocrite, takes of the Roſe
From the faire forehead of an innocent loue,
And ſets a bliſter there, makes marriage vowes
As falſe as Dicers oathes, Oh ſuch a deed!
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very ſoule: and ſweet Religion makes
A rapſodie of words; heauens face does glow
Ore this ſolidity and compound maſſe
With heated viſage, as againſt the doome
Is thought-ſick at the act.
Quee. Ay me what act?
Ham. That rores ſo lowd and thunders in the Index,
Looke here vpon this Picture, and on this,
The counterfeit preſentment of two brothers,
See what a grace was ſeated on his brow,
Hiperions curles the front of *Ioue* himſelfe,
An eie like *Mars*, to threaten and command,
A ſtation like the Herald *Mercurie*,
New lighted on a heaue, a kiſſing hill,
A combination and forme indeed,
Where euery God did ſeeme to ſet his ſeale
To giue the world aſſurance of a man,

This

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32 on this browe